

Worship

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34267147) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34267147>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	原神 Genshin Impact (Video Game)
Relationships:	Osial/Zhongli (Genshin Impact) , Xiao Alatus/Zhongli (Genshin Impact)
Characters:	Zhongli (Genshin Impact) , Xiao Alatus (Genshin Impact) , Osial (Genshin Impact)
Additional Tags:	Rape/Non-con Elements , Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con , BDSM , Bondage , Sensory Deprivation , Smut , Angst , Gay Sex , Master/Servant , I'm Bad At Tagging , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Past Rape/Non-con , not between the main ship , '
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-04 Words: 2,334 Chapters: 1/1

Worship

by [YosanoOrihara](#)

Summary

Rex Lapis has battled against Osial and returned victorious but it left him with trauma deeper than he wanted to admit. Luckily Xiao is there to help.

Notes

Basically this started because of something I mentioned in my other fic "Seafood chili" and I decided to write it. It can easily be read as a stand alone or you can check out my other one as well. If rape triggers you, you should probably stay away from this fic.

Also why the fuck did I write this at 4 am on a school day

Xiao sighed in relief as he saw his god emerge from the water, victorious. The monster had been defeated. He ran to him, despite the aching injuries all over his own body.

“Rex Lapis!” he called out. But the archon barely spared him a tired look before setting himself on the cold stone. Only then did Xiao realize that his white robe was torn, hanging by threads. He noticed slimy liquid stuck to the fabric and on Morax’s skin. Despite having won the battle, the god looked defeated. Xiao froze in place, unsure whether he should come closer to Morax. He tried calling out his name again.

“Xiao- I- I’m alright.” The archon said in the end. When he looked up the dead expression from his face was replaced by a comforting smile. “No need to worry about me. In fact, you should see to your own wounds.” But Xiao wasn’t so easily fooled. He reached for Morax’s shoulder but before he could touch the archon tensed and got to his feet. “I... do not wish to be touched yet. I’m sorry, let’s just go and treat your wounds.”

They walked together, a painful silence looking over them. Xiao figured out what happened and had no idea how to comfort his master while Morax was relieving the horrible moments in his mind. The archon was still not out of it entirely and he knew that it affected Xiao as well. He could tell by Xiao’s frown that he figured out what happened with Osial and guessed was probably blaming himself for it. Deciding that the silence was too much, Morax opened his mouth to ask his servant something at the same time Xiao tried to do the same thing.

“How badly are you hurt?”

“Did he physically hurt you in any way?”

Morax stopped in place and sighed. “I already healed. I told you, there’s no need to worry.” Then, looking around at the trees, he added “I don’t feel comfortable staying in Guyun anymore, can you take us to a calmer location?”

Xiao bit his lip. “I will have to touch you-“ He looked embarrassed and so Morax spared him from the discussion and laced their fingers together. “I’m okay. Let’s just go.” Typical of him, trying to comfort others despite needing that himself.

Xiao used his anemo powers to take them in his room at the top floor of Wangshu Inn. He would normally pick the secluded caves of Jueyun Karst for their time together but he doubted that was what Morax needed so he picked what he believed was the wisest choice.

Once they arrived in the poorly lit room, Morax wasted no time and searched for clean bandages and medicine. He turned to Xiao who had already started taking off his clothes. There were several deep cuts and gashes on his chest and torso, dark red blood already dried on them. Luckily someone - probably the mysterious innkeeper - had heated up some water and filled a bath for them. Morax picked up a clean cloth and wet it. Before he said anything, the green haired Adeptus took it from his hands.

“Master, you don’t need to concern yourself with me. You should wash his disgusting touch from you. I can tend to my wounds by myself.”

And no matter how much Morax wanted to repay his Adeptus for being helpful in the fight, he wasn't sure he could stay any longer with the slime all over him. So he nodded and, after placing a soft kiss on Xiao's bruised knuckles, the archon removed the remnants of his robe. He was glad the bruises left from the battle had already healed from the skin because he could practically feel Xiao's eyes spying on him, searching for wounds that weren't there. *If only what he did to me was only visible on the outside.*

Morax eased himself into the small bathtub and sighed pleased when the warm water touched his skin. It was so different from the earlier salty water mixed with slime and cold tentacles. He closed his eyes shut, trying to push away the memories. But no matter what it kept replaying in his mind. The feeling of dozens of tentacles on every inch of his skin, rubbing against him, inside him... No, Morax would definitely not forget that anytime soon.

"Master?" Shook from the disgusting memories, the archon turned his head. Xiao had finished bandaging himself and seemed to notice his distress. His eyes carried a certain worry and hurt. "Do you want me to help with anything?" he asked.

Morax immediately felt the need to say no but caught himself. Xiao's calloused fingers weren't Osial's tentacles. Besides, it wasn't as if he would do much to wash himself in the state he was in. "I want you to clean me. Gently." He ordered. Xiao nodded and quickly complied. And so Morax closed his eyes and prepared himself for the touch.

It was nowhere near as bad as he expected. Xiao's hands, despite being so good at causing violence and murder, could be so caring and gentle while detangling his hair. There was not even a hint of pulling or any move that would hurt him. It was easy to relax knowing his most trusted servant was the one kneeling behind him, washing away all the signs from the previous battle. Xiao always knew exactly where to touch to make the old god go all soft. Well, certain parts of him definitely didn't stay soft. The green haired Adeptus usually had that effect on him.

Xiao's hands moved to rubbing the sponge on Morax's chest now. From the position they were in, Morax could feel his servant's breath on his neck. Instinctively his fingers gripped the edge of the bathtub. Xiao's fingers moved lower on his chest now, lovingly caressing his tense muscles. The god breathed out, knowing that his servant could see under the water exactly what effect his touch had. For some reason that turned him on even more.

Xiao could tell his god wanted him. Still, knowing what happened only hours before he wasn't sure if that's what was needed of him. The Adeptus was hesitant when he changed his position to the side of the tub. He could easily reach Morax's hard dick from there if the god wanted. But unless specified he wouldn't dare touch.

Xiao started washing Morax's legs, perhaps keeping his hand a little longer than necessary on his inner thigh. He dared going lower, dangerously close to his crotch before the archon caught his wrist, a hint of force in the touch. "Not there. Not right now." He spoke, voice somewhat hoarse. Xiao understood what he was implying and nodded. He resumed the washing, trying his best to pretend everything was fine.

Once he finished bathing his master, Xiao stood up and grabbed a towel from his wardrobe. The archon stood up from the now cold water and allowed the Adeptus to dry him. Xiao

made sure he reached every place, cleaning the water from his skin. He breathed in the sight of his attractive master. Morax seated himself in Xiao's bed gesturing for the Adeptus to dry his legs.

Cheeks heating up, Xiao went on his knees and rubbed the soft towel on Morax's feet. The archon pushed his leg in his face, smirking at the flustered look he was given. "You said you'll worship me forever, didn't you?" he asked, smirk still present. "I feel a particular need to be worshiped tonight." His words made Xiao's dick hard in his pants and the blush on his face deeper. He quickly complied by placing soft kisses on Morax's foot, going higher and higher. After all, who was he but a mere servant who had to obey his master's commands.

Xiao was now completely between the archon's legs, kissing and licking on his thighs. He always enjoyed the taste of his god, being more than happy to worship him like this. Morax's fingers gripped his chin, forcing his head to look up. They locked eyes, the will to please written all over Xiao's face. For some reason that look always surprised Morax, the pure desire to please him. The archon knew that whatever he ordered Xiao would do.

"Take off your pants." He demanded. Swallowing in anticipation, Xiao got to his feet and took his purple pants off, discarding them on the floor. He kneeled again, awaiting the next order. "Turn with your ass to me." The Adeptus got on all fours on the rough floor and lifted his ass up. He felt a hand caress his cheek slowly before a hard slap made itself heard. Xiao bit his lip to stop himself from moaning. His erection was throbbing against his stomach.

"Prepare yourself for me." He demanded, offering his servant a vial. "Yes Master!" Xiao breathed, spilling the slimy liquid on his fingers. He worked his way around his entrance, slowly pushing on finger inside. He waited a few seconds to get used to the feeling of having something in there before adding a second finger. This time he was met with a little pain but ignored the discomfort and stretched his ass hole to make way for a third finger. He knew from experience Morax was way bigger than a few fingers and he needed to be fully prepared before taking him. Although sometimes he didn't mind a little bit of pain.

Xiao found his prostate, moving his fingers in and out to brush against it. He struggled to stop whimpers from leaving his mouth. When he added a fourth finger he couldn't contain the loud gasp that escaped him. He stretched his fingers inside himself, making as much way as possible for when Morax would put his dick inside him.

"Are you ready?" Morax asked him. Xiao found his voice so hot that it turned him on even more. He moaned and thrust against the air for a second, in need for friction against his neglected dick. The four fingers filling his ass hole didn't help ease his arousal.

The archon gently took his hand and brought it to his head. "Shh now, don't want you coming without me even doing anything to you yet." He chuckled, scratching his butt cheeks teasingly. Xiao whimpered. "Please, master, fuck me!" Xiao begged. Morax leaned in closer to whisper in his ear. "What was that love? Didn't quite hear you the first time." As he spoke, his claws dig deeper in the Adeptus' ass, deep enough to draw some blood, while his hand brushed against the neglected erection. "Fuck!" Xiao cursed, thrusting against his master's hand. "Please put your dick inside me!"

Morax didn't need more than that. His own erection throbbed at the words. He picked up a soft black cloth and some ropes from the drawer and made quick work of tying Xiao's wrists to the table leg in front of them. Then, he gently slipped the blindfold over the Adeptus' eyes, feeling him tense at the sudden lack of vision. Morax went back to his ass, burying his fingers deep inside. He was met with little resistance so, after moving his fingers in and out a few times, he positioned himself at the entrance.

Xiao whimpered, unable to see what was happening. Then Morax pushed his dick inside his hole. Xiao shuddered, back arching as he moaned loudly. Despite feeling the need to fuck Xiao senseless right then and there, the archon forced himself to stop. "Careful now, this is an inn. We can't disturb the client's sleep with our pleasure. So keep quiet or I will have to pull out." The threat made Xiao freeze in his desperately horny state. In that moment the most horrible punishment would be being left like that. So he bit down on his hand, hoping he'd make no sound too loud.

"Good boy." Morax said as he began thrusting. The slow friction was bringing both of them crazy so he sped up the pace very soon, knowing they were both too needy to care about anything else. Sounds escaped the Adeptus's mouth despite how hard he was trying to keep quiet. Terrified that the fullness from his ass might go away any second he covered his mouth. As if to make word of his threat, Morax slowed down every time a louder sound was heard. It only ended in edging them both to the point where even the god was becoming desperate to finish. Morax was very close to his release now, getting impatient. One of his hands found Xiao's green hair and gripped it, pulling hard. He heard a muffled cry which only provoked him into pulling even rougher. Then, as his crotch slammed Xiao's ass, the archon used his free hand to rub the small dick hanging between the Adeptus's legs.

"Master- please- I'm close!" Xiao managed to say. "You can come." Morax said, panting as he thrust a few more times. Having gained permission, Xiao came with a moan all over his master's hand. The sound was enough to bring the archon over the edge. He pulled out, spilling his semen all over Xiao's bare back. It was such a satisfying sight, his servant kneeling in front of him, covered in his semen. Morax licked his lips. This was always good, no matter how many years passed.

After a few seconds of catching his breath, Morax removed the blindfold and the bindings. "Let's get you cleaned up. You did really well today." He spoke softly, in a comforting tone. The rest of his words hung unspoken between them. *More importantly, you helped take my mind off things. I am grateful for even a little distraction* . Neither man was ready to show or see that kind of vulnerability.

Once everything was over the events from earlier with Osial would come lurking in his mind again. But it was okay. Everything was okay as long as he had Xiao with him.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!